THE FOREIGNERS.

A POEM.

PART I.

LONDON,
Printed for *A. Baldwin* in *Warwicklane*,
MDCC.

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The Foreigners.

LONG time had *Iſrael* been diſus'd from Reſt,
Long had they been by Tyrants ſore oppreſt;
Kings of all ſorts they ignorantly crav'd,
And grew more ſtupid as they were enſlav'd;
Yet want of Grace they impiouſly diſown'd,
And ſtill like Slaves beneath the Burden groan'd:
With languid Eyes their Race of Kings they view,
The Bad too many, and the Good too few;
Some rob'd their Houſes, and deſtroy'd their Lives,
Raviſh'd their Daughters, and debauch'd their Wives;
Prophan'd the Altars with polluted Loves,
And worſhip'd Idols in the Woods and Groves.

To Foreign Nations next they have recourſe;
Striving to mend, they made their State much worſe.
They firſt from *Hebron* all their Plagues did bring,
Cramm'd in the Single Perſon of a King;
From whoſe baſe Loins ten thouſand Evils flow,
Which by Succeſſion they muſt undergo.
Yet ſenſe of Native Freedom ſtill remains,
They fret and grumble underneath their Chains;
Incens'd, enrag'd, their Paſſion do's ariſe,
Till at his Palace-Gate their Monarch dies.

This Glorious Feat was by the Fathers done,
Whose Children next depos'd his Tyrant Son,
Made him, like *Cain*, a murd'rous Wanderer,
Both of his Crimes, and of his Fortunes share.

But still resolv'd to split on Foreign Shelves,
Rather than venture once to trust Themselves,
To Foreign Courts and Councils do resort,
To find a King their Freedoms to support:
Of one for mighty Actions fam'd they're told,
Profoundly wise, and desperately bold,
Skilful in War, Successful still in Fight,
Had vanquish'd Hosts, and Armies put to flight;
And when the Storms of War and Battels cease,
Knew well to steer the Ship of State in Peace.
Him they approve, approaching to their sight,
Lov'd by the Gods, of Mankind the Delight.
The numerous Tribes resort to see him land,
Cover the Beach, and blacken all the Strand;
With loud Huzza's they welcome him on shore,
And for their Blessing do the Gods implore.

The Sanhedrim conven'd, at length debate
The sad Condition of their drooping State,
And Sinking Church, just ready now to drown;
And with one Shout they do the Hero crown.

Ah Happy *Israel*! had there never come
Into his Councils crafty Knaves at home,

In

In combination with a Foreign Brood,
Sworn Foes to *Iſrael*'s Rights and *Iſrael*'s Good;
Who impiouſly foment Inteſtine Jars,
Exhauſt our Treaſure, and prolong our Wars;
Make *Iſrael*'s People to themſelves a prey,
Miſlead their King, and ſteal his Heart away:
United Intreſts thus they do divide,
The State declines by Avarice and Pride;
Like Beaſts of Prey they ravage all the Land,
Acquire Preferments, and uſurp Command:
The Foreign Inmates the Houſekeepers ſpoil,
And drain the Moiſture of our fruitful Soil.
If to our Monarch there are Honours due,
Yet what with *Gibeonites* have we to do?
When Foreign States employ 'em for their Food,
To draw their Water, and to hew their Wood.
What Muſhroom Honours dos our Soil afford!
One day a Begger, and the next a Lord.
What daſtard Souls do *Jewiſh* Nobles wear!
The Commons ſuch Affronts would never beat.
Let no Hiſtorian the ſad Stories tell
Of thy baſe Sons, Oh ſervile *Iſrael!*
But thou, my Muſe, more generous and brave,
Shalt their black Crimes from dark oblivion ſave;
To future Ages ſhalt their Sins diſcloſe,
And brand with Infamy thy Nation's Foes.

A Country lies, due East from *Judah's* Shoar,
Where ſtormy Winds and noiſy Billows roar;
A Land much differing from all other Soils,
Forc'd from the Sea, and buttreſs'd up with Piles.
No marble Quarrys bind the ſpungy Ground,
But Loads of Sand and Cockle-ſhells are found:
Its Natives void of Honeſty and Grace,
A Booriſh, rude, and an inhumane Race;
From Nature's Excrement their Life is drawn,
Are born in Bogs, and nouriſh'd up from Spawn.
Their hard-ſmoak'd Beef is their continual Meat,
Which they with Rusk, their luſcious Manna, eat;
Such Food with their chill ſtomachs beſt agrees,
They ſing *Hoſannah* to a Mare's-milk Cheeſe.
To ſupplicate no God, their Lips will move,
Who ſpeaks in Thunder like Almighty *Jove*,
But watry Deities they do invoke,
Who from the Marſhes moſt Divinely croak.
Their Land, as if aſham'd their Crimes to ſee,
Dives down beneath the ſurface of the Sea.
Neptune, the God who do's the Seas command,
Ne'er ſtands on Tip-toe to deſcry their Land;
But ſeated on a Billow of the Sea,
With Eaſe their humble Marſhes do's ſurvey.
Theſe are the Vermin do our State moleſt;
Eclipſe our Glory, and diſturb our Reſt.

BENTIR in the Inglorious Roll the first,
Bentir to this and future Ages curst,
Of mean Descent, yet insolently proud,
Shun'd by the Great, and hated by the Crowd;
Who neither Blood nor Parentage can boast,
And what he got the *Jewish* Nation lost:
By lavish Grants whole Provinces he gains,
Made forfeit by the *Jewish* Peoples Pains;
Till angry Sanhedrims such Grants resume,
And from the Peacock take each borrow'd Plume.
Why should the *Gibeonites* our Land engross,
And aggrandize their Fortunes with our loss?
Let them in foreign States proudly command,
They have no Portion in the Promis'd Land,
Which immemorially has been decreed
To be the Birth-right of the *Jewish* Seed.
How ill do's *Bentir* in the Head appear
Of Warriours, who do *Jewish* Ensigns bear?
By such we're grown e'en Scandalous in War.
Our Fathers Trophies wore, and oft could tell
How by their Swords the mighty Thousands fell;
What mighty Deeds our Grandfathers had done,
What Battels fought, what Wreaths of Honour won:
Thro the extended Orb they purchas'd Fame,
The Nations trembling at their Awful Name:

Such wondrous Heroes our Fore-fathers were,
When we, baſe Souls! but Pigmies are in War:
By Foreign Chieftains we improve in Skill;
We learn how to intrench, not how to kill:
For all our Charge are good Proficients made
In uſing both the Pickax and the Spade.
But in what Field have we a Conqueſt wrought?
In Ten Years War what Battel have we fought?

If we a Foreign Slave may uſe in War,
Yet why in Council ſhould that Slave appear?
If we with *Jewiſh* Treaſure make him great,
Muſt it be done to undermine the State?
Where are the Antient Sages of Renown?
No *Magi* left, fit to adviſe the Crown?
Muſt we by Foreign Councils be undone?
Unhappy *Iſrael*, who ſuch Meaſures takes,
And ſeeks for Stateſmen in the Bogs and Lakes;
Who ſpeak the Language of moſt abject Slaves,
Under the Conduct of our *Jewiſh* Knaves.
Our *Hebrew*'s murder'd in their hoarſer Throats;
How ill their Tongues agree with *Jewiſh Notes!*
Their untun'd Prattle do's our Senſe confound,
Which in our Princely Palaces do's ſound;
The ſelf-ſame Language the old Serpent ſpoke,
When misbelieving *Eve* the Apple took;

Of our first Mother why are we asham'd,
When by the self-same Rhetorick we are damn'd?

But *Bentir*, not content with such Command,
To canton out the *Jewish* Nation's Land;
He do's extend to other Coasts his Pride,
And other Kingdoms into Parts divide:
Unhappy *Hiram*! dismal is thy Song;
Tho born to Empire, thou art ever young!
Ever in Nonage, canst no Right transfer:
But who made *Bentir* thy Executor?
What mighty Power do's *Israel*'s Land afford?
What Power has made the famous *Bentir* Lord?
The Peoples Voice, and *Sanhedrim*'s Accord.
Are not the Rights of People still the same?
Did they e'er differ in or Place or Name?
Have not Mankind on equal Terms still stood,
Without Distinction, since the mighty Flood?
And have not *Hiram*'s Subjects a free Choice
To chuse a King by their united Voice?
If *Israel*'s People cou'd a Monarch chuse,
A living King at the same time refuse;
That *Hiram*'s People, shall it e'er be said,
Have not the Right of Choice when he is dead?
When no Successor to the Crown's in sight,
The Crown is certainly the Peoples Right.

If Kings are made the People to enthral,
VVe had much better have no King at all:
But Kings, appointed for the Common Good,
Always as Guardians to their People ſtood.
And Heaven allows the People ſure a Power
To chuſe ſuch Kings as ſhall not them devour:
They know full well what beſt will ſerve themſelves,
How to avoid the dang'rous Rocks and Shelves.

Unthinking *Iſrael*! All henceforth beware
How you entruſt this faithleſs VVanderer:
He who another Kingdom can divide,
May ſet your Conſtitution ſoon aſide,
And o'er your Liberties in Triumph ride.
Support your Rightful Monarch and his Crown,
But pull this proud, this croaking Mortal down.

Proceed, my Muſe; the Story next relate
Of *Keppech* the Imperious Chit of State,
Mounted to Grandeur by the uſual Courſe
Of VVhoring, Pimping, or a Crime that's worſe;
Of Foreign Birth, and undeſcended too,
Yet he, like *Bentir*, mighty Feats can do.
He robs our Treaſure, to augment his State,
And *Jewiſh* Nobles on his Fortunes wait:
Our raviſh'd Honours on his Shoulder wears,
And Titles from our Antient Rolls he tears.

VVas e'er a prudent People thus befool'd,
By upstart Foreigners thus basely gull'd?
Ye *Jewish* Nobles, boast no more your Race,
Or sacred Badges did your Fathers grace!
In vain is Blood, or Parentages, when
Ribbons and Garters can ennoble Men.
To Chivalry you need have no recourse,
The gawdy Trappings make the Ass a Horse.
No more, no more your Antient Honours own,
By slavish *Gibeonites* you are outdone:
Or else your Antient Courage reassume,
And to assert your Honours once presume;
From off their Heads your ravish'd Lawrels tear,
And let them know what *Jewish* Nobles are.

THE END.

THE Dream. A Poem, addreſt to Sir *Charles Duncomb*. By *R. Gold*.

A Deſcription of Mr. *D—n*'s Funeral. A Poem. *The 3d Edition enlargd.*

A Letter to his Majeſty K. *William*, ſhewing, 1. The Original Foundation of the *Engliſh* Monarchy. 2. The Means by which it was remov'd from that Foundation. 3. The Expedients by which it has been ſupported ſince that Removal. 4. Its preſent Conſtitution as to all its integral Parts. 5. The beſt Means by which its Grandeur may be for ever maintain'd. By the Reverend Mr. *Stephens* Rector of *Sinton* in *Surrey*.

A Letter to a Member of Parliament, ſhewing that a Reſtraint on the Preſs is inconſiſtent with the Proteſtant Religion, and dangerous to the Liberties of the Nation.

A ſhort Account how the Kingdom of *Denmark* was chang'd from a Popular Government to an Hereditary and Abſolute Monarchy, through a Difference betwixt the Lords and Commons.

An Anſwer to a Letter from a Gentleman in the Country, containing ſeven Queries relating to the preſent Miniſtry, and Men in Imployments. 1699.

The State of the Navy conſidered in relation to the Victualling, particularly in the *Straits* and the *Weſt Indies*. With ſome Thoughts on the late Miſmanagements of the Admiralty, and the Proper Way to prevent the like for the future. 1698.

Remarks on the preſent condition of the Navy, and particularly of the Victualling. In two Parts. The firſt exploding the Notion of fortifying of Gariſons, and proving that the only Security of *England* conſiſts in a good Fleet. The ſecond containing a Reply to the Obſervations on the firſt Part, with a Diſcourſe on the Diſcipline of the Navy; ſhewing that the Abuſes of the Seamen are the higheſt Violation of *Magna Charta*, and of the Rights and Liberties of *Engliſh-men*. 1699.

A Letter to a Member of Parliament concerning Clandeſtine Trade; ſhewing how far the evil Practices at the Cuſtom-houſe at *London* tend to the Incouragement of ſuch a Trade. Written by a fair Merchant.

A Dialogue between a Director of the New *Eaſt India Company*, and one of the Committee for preparing By-laws: in which thoſe for an impartial *Rotation* of Directors, and the preventing of *Bribes*, are particularly debated.

Memoirs of Sir *John Berkely*, containing an Account of his Negotiation with Lieutenant General *Cromwel*, Commiſſary General *Ireton*, and other Officers of the Army, for reſtoring K. *Charles* the Firſt to the Exerciſe of the Government of *England*.

Memoirs of Secret Service. Containing the fulleſt and moſt early Diſcovery, 1. Of the late intended Aſſaſſination of his Majeſty King *William*, with the Conſultations and Meetings in order thereunto. 2. Of the intended Invaſion from *France*. 3. Of the arrival of the *Thoulon* Fleet at *Breſt*. 4. Of a Number of Arms conceal'd in *Warwickſhire* by Sir *William Parkyns*, which are ſince lodg'd in the *Tower*. With other Affairs of great moment. To which is added, A Character of *Rob. F—n*. By Capt. *Matthew Smith*, who kept a private Correſpondence for ſeveral years with a great Miniſter of State.

Two Pamphlets in vindication of the ſaid Memoirs; the one in anſwer to the D. of *S*'s Letter, the other againſt *R. K.*

Books written againſt a Standing Army.

AN Argument ſhewing, that a Standing Army is inconſiſtent with a Free Government, and abſolutely deſtructive to the Conſtitution of the *Engliſh* Monarchy. In 2 Parts.

A Letter from the Author of the Argument againſt a Standing Army, to the Author of the Ballancing Letter.

Some Queries for the better underſtanding K. *James*'s Liſt of 18000 *Iriſh* Heroes publiſhed at the Savoy, in anſwer to what had bin, and what ſhould be writ againſt a Standing Army.

A Diſcourſe of Government with relation to Militias.

The Militia Reform'd, or an eaſy Scheme of furniſhing *England* with a conſtant Land Force, capable to prevent or to ſubdue any Foreign Power, and to maintain perpetual Quiet at home, without endangering the Publick Liberty.

A ſhort Hiſtory of Standing Armies in *England*.

A Letter to a Member of Parliament concerning Guards and Gariſons.

A 2d Letter concerning the four Regiments commonly called Mareeners.

The Seaman's Opinion of a Standing Army, in oppoſition to a Fleet at Sea as the beſt ſecurity of the Kingdom. In a Letter to a Merchant written by a Sailor.

The State of the Caſe, or the Caſe of the State.

A Confutation of a late Pamphlet intituled, A Letter ballancing the Neceſſity of keeping up a Land Force in times of Peace with the Dangers that may follow on it. Part I.

The ſecond Part of the Confutation of the Ballancing Letter; containing an occaſional Diſcourſe in vindication of *Magna Charta*. In which is ſhewn, 1. That *Magna Charta* is much older than K. *John*. 2. That the Confirmations procured to it in his and *Henry* the 3d's Reigns, were far from being gain'd by Rebellion. The whole containing an Hiſtorical Account and Defence of the Proceedings of the Barons againſt thoſe Kings for their open and notorious Violations of *Magna Charta*, and the *Engliſh* Laws and Liberties.